

August 25, 1947

Dearest Mother,

I was not sick enough to throw up on that sea voyage, but I've discovered that I'm a landlubber of the first order. That the trip to Africa will do to me I don't know but at least I don't have to start out on it tomorrow, which helps my feelings.

Betty has written the news. I trust her truthfulness and won't read. The men folk are going off now to the Customs House after trunks and so on. We have to move fast altho the weather is hot.

Lots of love to you all. It was so nice to get a letter from you within minutes of our arrival in Lisbon. God be with you.

Your son
Mickie